

## OUR DREAM DEPARTMENT.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Special Extra or Professional Dreamers! Matinee To-Day—All Contestants Must Dream According to Rules of Contest.



WING to numerous requests, we keep the Dream Department open two days in succession instead of every other day. Many of our most respected and hard-sleeping dreamers are desirous of getting their dream books in order to find out if their visions are running according to schedule.

As one contestant for our prizes for the best and worst dreams writes: "Either you or I are in the wrong on this dream business. While you are giving dream interpretations around articles, incidents and things spelled with letters that come early in the alphabet, such as a, b, c, d, e, f, I have been dreaming down at the other end, in the s, t, u, v, w's. Yes, while you are interpreting dreams about apples, anchors, anchovies, bees, bums, bouquets, cats, clams and cauliflower, I am dreaming about sausages, salsify, soldiers, succotash, tea, tomatoes, tiddewinks, uniforms, urchins, vegetables, veragrins, vacation, whiskey, whatnots, woodsheds, and such. Is this the right way to treat your old friend Constant Reader?"

In reply to this and other remonstrances of the same sort we can only say that if you are dreaming for any of our prizes you must do so according to the rules governing the contest. Do not dream ahead of schedule, or you will not be eligible for the handsome portrait of District-Attorney Jerome for the best dream, a canned Welsh rabbit for the worst dream, and a guaranteed gig for the best nightmare.

Here is our Dream Book and Oracle of Fate (continued):

### Letter "G."

Gag—To dream of a gag in the mouth is a sign that you will laugh heartily at an old joke.

Ghost—Good dream for actors, especially if the ghost walks in his direction.

Glants—You will go to a ball game.

Gloves—Your sweetheart will give you the mitten and turn you down.

Goat—You will be accused falsely and will be struck with a billy, but buck up, kid!

Gorilla—Some one is trying to make a monkey of you. Do not ape your superiors.

Graft—To dream of grafting means that your name will be mentioned in the papers.

Grass—Beware of divorcees.

Guitar—Some one is stringing you.

### Letter "H."

Hammer—You will attend a first-night performance soon. You will not like the play.

Hamlet—To dream of Hamlet is a sign that you will see a dwarf actor.

Hand-Organ—Your life will be a horrid grind.

Hash—You will give up housekeeping. You will hear some one recite Kipling's "A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair!" at the breakfast table.

Hermite—A sign of a torpid liver.

Honey—A sign that you will get the hives.

Hornets—You will be stung badly.

Hotel—A sign that you will try to get apartments for a Russian novelist. They will be refused, and both of you will be put out about it.

### Letter "I."

Ice—To dream that some one gives you ice is a sign that you will be treated coldly.

Indigo—To dream of holding indigo in your hand is a sign that you will be feeling blue.

Infant—To dream of seeing an infant eating means you will dine at Child's restaurant.

Ingredient—You will be in the soup.

Ink—To dream of seeing black ink over everything means that things look black for you, but they will come out right.

Insects—You will go buggy riding.

## THE HUMOR OF IDEALS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

If you have begun to think about one person in capital letters—and at this season of the year most of us do—it doesn't matter if she spells it Metabel or even Blythe or Matyd.

For the next thing one loses after losing one's heart is one's sense of humor. To the normal love life in its most humorous phases presents no "funny part." The fabric of his days and nights is woven of rhapsody and rapture, dipped in the inextinguishable rose color that irradiates the lover's point of view.

You have perhaps always cherished an ideal. Now, you have met her—or him, as the case may be. The reality far surpasses the ideal, of course. To doubt it for an instant were rank treason to the loveliest lady, or the most gallant gentleman in the world.

You sip the nectar of the gods and taste high heaven's ambrosia when she smiles. And yet withal—whisper it very softly to yourself—there are moments when you are not sure about the beverage for you, and when you wonder if ambrosia be not a dull dish, after all.

What's the matter? Nothing with you. Nothing with her. Your ideal is dying hard, that's all. The man or woman we love is never the least bit like our pallid ideal, which, when the light of strong and real attachments beats upon them, shrinks like paper under a sunbeam.

Not in all the world is there a human counterpart of that creature of moonshine and midsummer madness, a young girl's ideal. Nor anywhere among real women can there be found a human likeness to that being of snow and fire, with the rose's splendor and the violet's point of view—the haunting Helen of a young man's dreams.

It is, of course, a very lucky thing for us that we never find our ideal, though, to be sure, we might realize if we ever caught up with them what sickly, impossible things they are and how much finer are the human substitutes we are obliged to accept instead.

At twenty-five we recall our eighteen-year-old ideals with a shudder, or perhaps a smile. Every time I remember mine I give thanks that nowhere under the sun is such a weird, impossible prig to be found. But it is not till we meet a fine and splendidly human man or woman that we really test our ideal with the contempt they deserve, and realize what essentially humorous things they are. If the real man could meet his fiancée's ideal, which he is supposed to represent, he would probably hang himself. If the girl had any conception of the dream ideal, supposed to have come true in her person, she would get her to a luncheon to her discomfort.

But, luckily, the ideal dies before the real, and these catastrophes are spared.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### The Time for Freckles.

It is now the time for freckles. Don't worry. They are not serious blemishes. Try the formula herewith: Beat the white of an egg to a froth and mix an equal proportion of sweet almond oil. Rub upon the face at night, and after the morning bath, apply this lotion: Rose water, one hundred grains; borax, five grains; spirits of camphor, ten grains; tincture of benzoin, five grains. The latter can be used both night and morning, omitting the beaten egg and oil, which it is said to equal in efficacy.

### Freckles, Tan.

There is nothing that will so successfully remove blackheads, freckles and tan as a good com-

plexion-brush, soap and warm water for the blackheads, and bleach for the freckles and tan. Here is an ointment for blackheads: Salicylic acid, 20 grains; lard or vasoline, 80 grains. The substances are thoroughly blended by stirring or heating. Apply at night; wash off in the morning with warm water and a pure soap. And here is the formula for the freckles and brown spots: Bicarbonate of mercury in coarse powder, 5 grains; hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces. Agitate until a solution is obtained. Mop over the affected parts. Keep out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

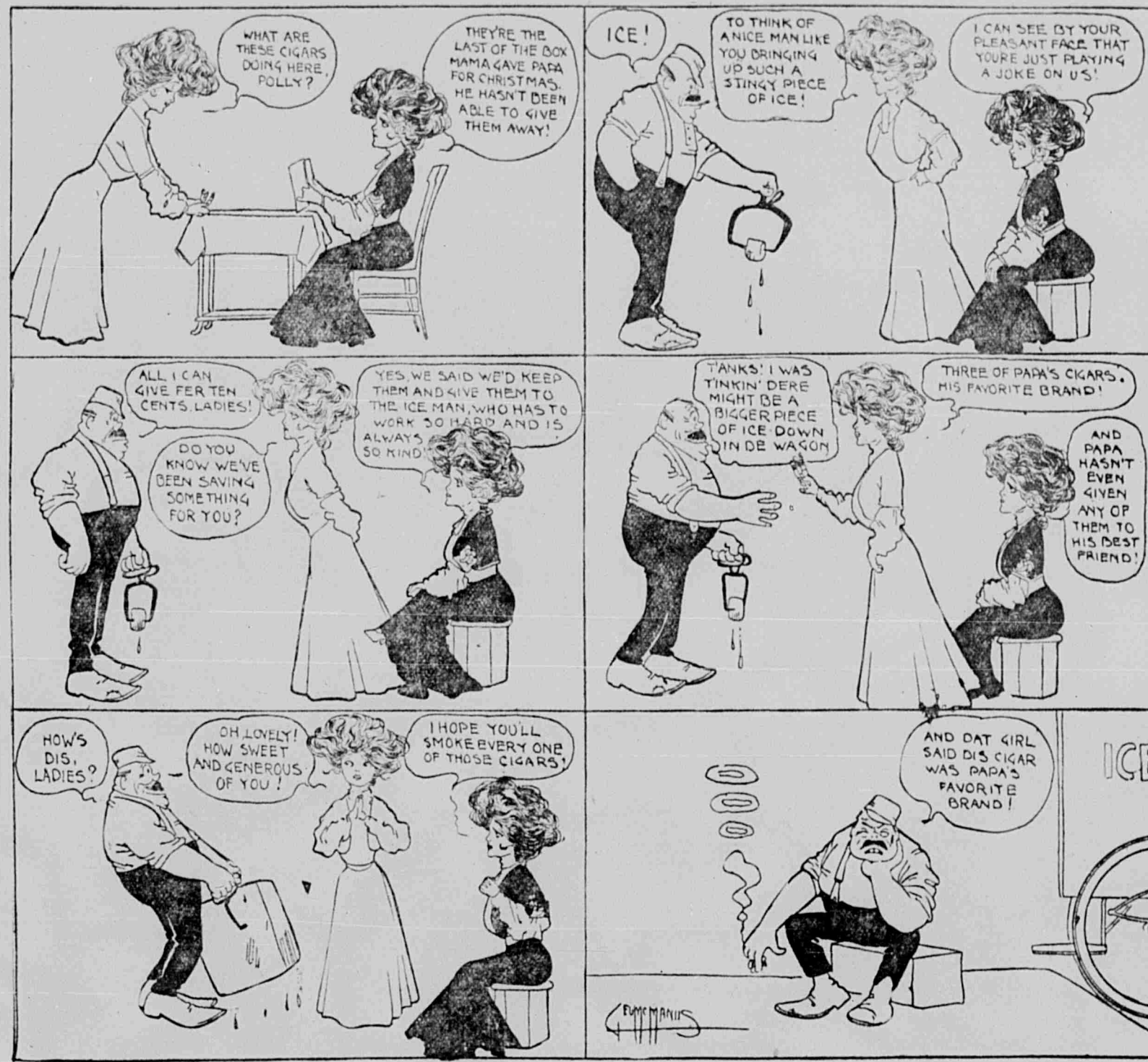
### For Obesity.

AYER'S Obesity cure is as follows: Iodide of potassium, 3 grains; vasoline, 50 grains; lanolin, 50 grains; tincture of benzoin, 20 grains. Make into a pomade and use twice a day on the fat portions. It is for external use only.

### A Depilatory.

There is no permanent cure for superfluous hair, excepting the electric needle.

## THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## The Mock Orange Bridge Whist Club.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"WE had just the grandest time yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. Y.) Bridge Whist Club. "So intellectual and everything. We met at Mrs. Wiseburd's and when we got there who should be waiting but that dear Mr. Metrefete, the poet, who lectured before the Women's Club night before last. He stayed at the Wiseburd's because Mrs. Wiseburd is President of the Women's Club, and besides Mr. Metrefete doesn't like to stop at hotels when he's out on a lecture tour because, as he said, the hotel clerks are nearly always gross, commercial men who wear diamonds in their shirt fronts and insist on being paid in advance and often make themselves very forward and unpleasant if a person hasn't much baggage with them."

"And Mrs. Wiseburd insisted on his staying over and giving us a treat for a surprise."

"So before we started to playing she brought him in and introduced him—I declare he has the loveliest manners in a drawing-room of any man I ever saw—and then he made us a talk. My dear, I assure you on my word I never was so entertained in my life! He had such a grand voice and he used so many splendid, great, long words that nobody could understand, and his gestures were simply divine—that's the only word to express them—simply divine."

"What was his subject? Well, you know, dearie, I didn't exactly catch what it was about. But it was very deep and very instructive and there was a lot in it about art and poetry and the communion of souls and all like that, you know."

"I'm certain for one that I never met as intellectual a man as Mr. Metrefete."

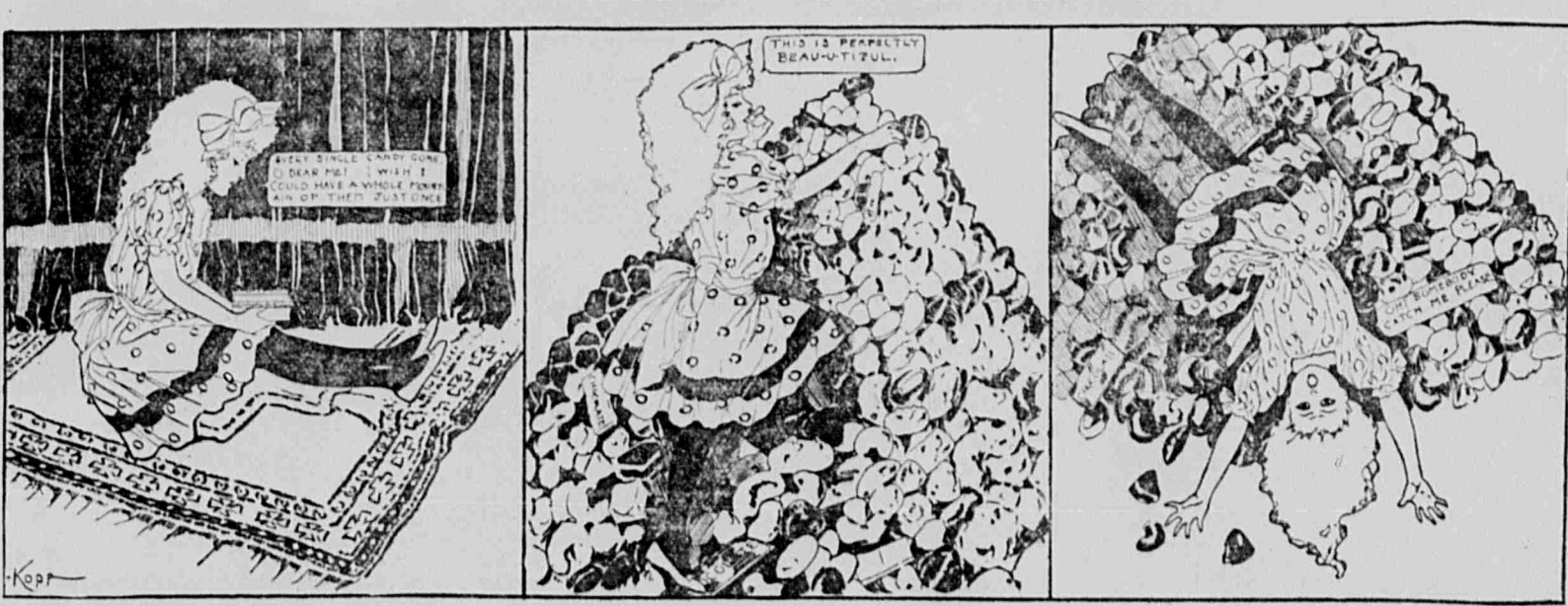
He wears his hair long and wavy and when he is having a particularly beautiful thought he runs one hand through his hair in a way that is positively ravishing. And he wore his coat as if he had been melted and poured into it. You could just sit and look at the way his coat fitted him in the back and you'd know he was a genius."

"I begged Mr. Quiver when I got home last night to let his hair grow long and wavy and wear one of those long coats, but he positively refused—said he didn't propose to be mistaken for an Indian doctor! And in the most brutal way he called Mr. Metrefete a woolly tramp!"

"Tramp, indeed! He's a genius! At lunch he told me all about himself. He isn't a bit like some of these stuck-up celebrities I've met that hang back and won't have a word to say about what they've done. He talks hours at a time about his life-work. It seems he had a wife because she couldn't appreciate him at his true worth—he speaks so touchingly of his sad past that it just makes the tears come into your eyes—and she went and got a divorce from him on the grounds of non-support or some such foolish claim. She must be an ordinary person, anyhow, because Mrs. Wiseburd told me she heard the woman was doing plain sewing somewhere down South and living in two very small rooms with their three children."

"He was so absent-minded, too—just like a genius. All during luncheon he kept slipping caviar sandwiches into his pockets, not realizing, of course, what he was doing, until his pockets must have been full; and he went away with them. I know he must have been mortified to death when he found them there! I just dote on genius!"

## IF WISHES CAME TRUE!



Ere Mazie'd wearied of the fun  
Her half-pound candy feast was done.  
"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "'twould be just dandy  
To have a MOUNTAINFUL OF CANDY!"

How grand to have one's wish come true!  
A candy mountain straightaway grew.  
It grew—and grew—to lofty state,  
And Mazie climbed—and ate—and ATE!

But, oh, alas for short-lived bliss!  
From off a chocolate precipice  
Poor Mazie to the bottom slid,  
"I WISH my wish could be unwished!"

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

### Marriage on \$7 Per Week.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young man sixteen years of age and earning \$7 per week. Every one says I have fine chances. I am deeply in love with a young lady, who is passionately fond of me. My mother will not let us marry, saying we have not enough money. What shall I do? Forgive all for the girl I love? Y. L.

You are too young to think of marriage, and you could not support a wife on \$7. I advise you to obey your mother.

### Tries to Make Him Jealous.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young girl of seventeen and seriously in love with a young fellow of nineteen, who keeps telling me that he loves me, but when I talk of other fellows in front of him he

gives me very black looks. I see him every Sunday, and when he comes he always says to me: "Oh, you sweet thing!" I have a great many more admirers, but I like him the best. Now,

dear Miss Betty, do you think I am doing wrong to say anything about fellows if I am testing his jealousy? A. G.

The young man knows you are trying

to make him jealous. I would not do it if I were you.

### A "Hustler" After Her.

Dear Betty:  
DO you think it would be proper for me to try and learn the address of a young man who says he wants to meet me, but only signs himself "Hustler?"

He offers me theatre tickets and has sent me a lovely Bunker Hill souvenir. He seems anxious for me to write to him, but I do not know where to find him. What shall I do? DAISY.

You should pay no attention to anonymous communications. If the young man is not giving you he will let you know his identity and seek a formal introduction.

### A Fickle Man.

Dear Betty:  
I AM heartbroken. I was in love with a young man, but my friend told me out. One of my gentleman friends told me he did not like me, but my friend. What would you do, wait to see if it is true or throw him over at once? HEARTBROKEN.

Throw him over at once, and without a struggle.

## In and Out of the Theatres

"JACK'S the boy for me!" This was what everybody was saying at Belasco's Theatre yesterday afternoon when the Atlantic fleet gave a broadside of talent for the entertainment of a large audience and the benefit of the still-remembered San Francisco. It was perhaps the most unique performance ever seen on a New York stage, and it was as clever as it was novel. The house was humming with flags and the "acts" were signalled with other flags brought out at either side of the stage in accordance with naval vaudeville. Rear-admirals occupied front seats, but it was the stage and not the boxes that attracted and held attention.

Yeoman Thatcher, of the Pennsylvania, turned a monologue into a real little welcome to all hands on the main deck, and Quartermaster Mosgrave, of the Kentucky, then proceeded to take the slack out of a wire that had a fighting disposition. Quartermaster Upham, of the Pennsylvania, felt the audience with a very good song after which Ensign Whitehead, of the Maine, kept it guessing with a clever sleight-of-hand performance. A cornet solo by Mustatin Habel hit the ear in the right place, and a drill by the marines from the West Virginia won round after round of applause. A five-inch gun drill by Lieut. Doyle and crew, from the Kentucky, made the landlubbers sit up and take particular notice. An admirable exhibition of club-swinging was given by a tall, graceful, good-looking chap, Midshipman Anderson, of the Missouri. F. Nelson was a contortionist to turn a frog green with envy, and F. Smith, a strong man who could probably lift the lid with one hand if he were called upon to do so. After he was tired of lifting a keg of something-or-other, he lay down and let a man jump on his chest from the top of the keg, which had a chair and a table under it. To show there was no deception, he ripped open his shirt and allowed the shoe jumper to land on his bare skin. Both he and the contortionist worked for the glory of the Maryland. Oiler Ackerman, of the Pennsylvania, made a bull's-eye with Lieut. Catton's bang-up song, "Keep on the Target." The burden of this merry little roundelay was "yick out a spot and hit it every shot," and it argued "For war is only after all the proper shooting test." A "ro" with the gloves between C. Katzenberger, of the Maine, and A. B. Moore, of the Pennsylvania, proved them to be a lively and skillful pair of bachelors. The women held their breath at this matchless novelty, and when one of the contestants hit the water bottle in his corner, a little boy cried, "Oh, mamma, he is drinking whiskey!" It was a brown bottle. E. H. Masley, of the Maryland, made a good Irishman and sang a couple of good songs. He shot one of his jokes into a box, hitting Rear-Admiral Evans amidstships. Other excellent specialties were "The Monkey and the Dago," sung by J. E. Green, who cooks for a living on the Colorado; a burnt-cork quartet, consisting of W. L. Wilson, F. S. Jackson, W. H. Spence and J. L. Burns, of the Kearsarge; capital buck and wing dancing by C. G. Gilbert and F. P. Ryan, of the Indiana; J. G. Jones, of the Kearsarge; L. T. Pease, of the Missouri; and E. A. Marshall, of the Kentucky, and music by a mandolin club recruited from the different ships of the fleet.

It was a great day for the "jacks," and a real treat for the landlubbers.

MACHINOW, the Russian giant, who will be a feature at Hamerstein's Roof Garden during the summer, comes from Kustoki, in the government of Tiflis, six days' journey by sledge after one has gone as far as the railway reaches in that part of the country. An amusement agent sent a special messenger to invite the giant to appear in public. The man to whom this mission was entrusted gives the following account of his adventures in search of a Gulliver. "For six days I journeyed over the snow-covered country, and on the sixth day arrived at Kustoki, where I found Machinow in the midst of his family. His house was built of moss and clay—a typical farmhouse, for Machinow is a Russian peasant. He was the proprietor of a few acres of land, and his work was exclusively connected with the farm. When I explained my errand to the giant and offered him a very big price to go with me, he refused point blank. Under no circumstances would he leave his country, being afraid, curiously enough, that outside Russia he would not be safe. He had an idea that he might be poisoned and his body exhibited in a museum. As is well known, the Russian peasant is very superstitious and, like many country folk, suspicious of strangers. I had to stay several weeks in the village until I succeeded by presents of pictures of saints, etc., blessed by the local pope, to the village population and to his church to induce Machinow to leave his home. Before leaving I had to make a solemn promise of a sacred picture, called an ikon, and in the presence of the head of the village, to bring Machinow back safely to his people. A special sledge had to be built for Machinow for the journey."

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

### Protests Against Vacations.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I, a merchant, hustling twelve hours a day to make both ends meet, and scraping this scrap of profit as I can from small gains and quick returns, I have six employees and do the work of two men myself. Now, as every year, up comes the question of vacation. I must pay each of my six full two weeks' salary for doing no work at all. And, besides, in the absence of each, I must take on an "extra" to do the dear departed's work. It's the custom, and, as we are slaves to custom, I submit. But I here register a kick against the further shaving of my tiny profits for the sake of giving a well-paid employee a chance to pose as "Leisure Louis" or "Needn't-Work Nettle" in a seablistering summer resort. Personally, I take no vacation. I can't afford it. VICTIM.

### New York University.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I take up the study for Certified Public Accountant in the evenings? I am a pretty good book-keeper, typewriter and stenographer, and work in a downtown office during the day.  
H. B. L.  
Write to School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, New York University, New York City. Address Dean Johnson.

## HOME HINTS.

### Puff Puddings.

ONE pint flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and a teaspoonful salt, enough milk to make a soft batter, and one pint of any kind of berries. Make your batter, grease cups thoroughly, and into each put a tablespoonful of the batter and one of the berries, covering them with more batter. Set the cups in a steamer and steam twenty minutes. Mix one cup sugar and one-half cup butter, to this add two eggs, beat well and add one cup of the and one of the berries. Set inside of a vessel of boiling water until ready to use, stirring often.

### Rice and Chicken.

CUT the pieces of cold chicken meat into fine morsels. Make a thin white sauce, using the liquor in which the chicken was cooked, and stir the morsels of meat into it. Now prepare thick pieces of toast, put the meat on it, pour over the gravy, and with a ring of cooked rice about the edge serve at once, piping hot.

### Duchess Potatoes.

OIL, mash and beat till light six medium sized potatoes; add a teaspoonful of one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, well beaten a little chopped parsley, a little onion, salt and pepper. Mix all well together, form into balls or cakes, then roll in flour and brown in boiling lard.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions



SHORT ETONS worn over fitted girdles are among the latest decrees of fashion and suit young girls and old ladies well. This one is made of white mohair trimmed with bands of the material, edged with braid and with collar and cuffs of more antique edged with the material. The design is an exceptionally desirable one, the tuoks giving exceedingly becoming lines to the figure, while the vest allows of treatment of various sorts. In addition to the mohair the model will be found adapted to the pongee, to silk, to linen—indeed, to all fabrics. The vest is joined to the front at the first seam, but as only a narrow portion is visible, can be trimmed with banding if any sort. Again, the collar and cuffs can be treated in a number of ways. They can be made of plain silk, they can be of the material banded, they can be of colored linen in contrast with the material, or of broadcloth on silk or on velvet. The quantity of material required for a girl of fourteen years of age is 3 1/2 yards 27, or 15-18 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of banding for the vest, 3/4 yard of silk for collar and cuffs and 4 yards of narrow braid to trim as illustrated. Pattern 5,395 is out in sizes for girls of 14 and 15 years of age.

Misses' Eton Jacket with Girdle—Pattern No. 5395. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.